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Wm Bronscombe

The Father of Sunday Schools

(By Edwin J. Inwood, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Great movements usually centre in a single individual. Paul, the apostle, Luther, the reformer, Wesley, the founder of Methodism, illustrate this fact. So the modern Sunday-school movement, which has become one of the chief religious features of the nineteenth century, centres in the life of Robert Raikes. In the city of Gloucester (pronounced Gloster), in the southwest of England, in July, 1780, the

ROBERT RAIKES.

editor and publisher of the Gloucester Journal, Robert Raikes by name, was deeply stirred with the sad moral condition of the people in the suburbs of the city. Determined in some way to save the children, he rented a room of one Mrs. King, hired the landlady and three other ladies, at one shilling a day (24 cents), to teach the children whom he should send in reading and the church catechism. After three years' successful trial he made known to the world, through his paper, the work accomplished. Some strenuously opposed it, but many saw the hand of God in it, and soon Sunday-schools were established

RAIKES'S HOME AND PLACE OF BUSINESS, SOUTHGATE ST., GLOUCESTER.

in the principal towns in England. Men often build more wisely than they know. It was certainly so with Raikes. The greatness of that humble endeavor to save

HOUSE WHERE FIRST SUNDAY-SCHOOL IN GLOUCESTER WAS HELD.

those waifs of the slums is shown by Green, the historian, who says: 'The Sunday-schools established by Mr. Raikes, of Gloucester, were the beginnings of popular education.'

It was singularly providential that this new impulse in the religious culture of childhood should occur during the great Wesleyan revival. Wesley quickly saw its value, and, incorporating it into his work, with a prophetic eye, wrote to his brother: 'It is one of the noblest institutions which have been seen in Europe for centuries, and will increase more and more.' That pro-

SOOTY ALLEY, FROM WHICH THE FIRST SCHOLARS CAME.

phecy has indeed been fulfilled. The stone cut from the mountain without hands was to grow until it filled the whole earth, and it is doing it. In 1896 there were 223,186 Sunday-schools, 2,237,043 teachers, and 22,476,050 scholars.

Daniel Webster once said: 'The Sabbath school is one of the great institutions of the day. As a school of religious instruction it is of inestimable value; as a civil institution it is priceless, and has done more to preserve our liberties than grave statesmen and armed soldiers. Let it then be fostered and preserved to the end of time.'

The quaint old church of St. Mary De Crypt, Gloucester (erected 1138), contains the tomb of this man of God. Just over his monument is a beautiful stained window, with pictures from the life of Christ, and at the bottom the words: 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them.' Never were they more appropriately written than with reference to the life and labors of Robert Raikes.

Revival the Church's Power.

(By Rev. Wm. Ross, Glasgow, in 'The Christian.')

What has revival done for the believer, for the Church, for the world? It has given us our men of noblest Christian character, and enabled the Church to reach the highest landmark in attainment and Christian effort. As the highest mountain peaks are the upheaval of subterranean fires that have shaken the foundations of the earth, so the most notable men in the record of the Church are themselves frequently the fruit of a revival. Saul of Tarsus, like a piece of moist peat hissing out its moisture on the glowing embers, was set on fire in the Pentecostal revival. Luther, Melancthon, Knox, and others were kindled into flame in the outpouring of the Spirit at the Reformation.

Some men have borne personal testimony to this. Dr. Charles P. McIlvaine says of himself:—'Whatever I possess of religion began in a revival; the most precious, steadfast, and vigorous fruits of my ministry have been the fruits of revivals.' It is not too much to say that most of the men who entered the ministry of the Free Church of Scotland, and who were specially owned of God in his work before the revival of 1860, were themselves the product of the great Scottish revival that moved over the land in successive waves for a period of forty years from 1811.

Is it not also the case with the great mass of the men who form the living ministry of America, and who were themselves the outcome of the continuous revival in the colleges at the close of the last century and the beginning of this? And what is true of the ministry is true also of the membership in Europe as well as on the American continent. From 1815 to 1840 we are told that the Spirit was poured out on from 400 to 500 churches and congregations annually on an average. During some of these years, we rejoice to learn that from 40,000 to 50,000 were added by profession in a single twelvemonth to the membership of the Christian Church. The Presbyterian Church of Wales is herself the fruit of revival in a membership that dominates the Principality. She has had an almost unceasing revival for 150 years. It is said that one man in the Principality, and he by no means a man of intellectual power, was instrumental, under God, in the revival of 1860, in adding 10,000 to the spiritual life of the Church. That great wave of blessing brought at least as many into the Church in Ireland; and those who remember the same blessed time in Scotland know that the spiritual harvest was universal over that land.

Such seasons, though they have been too often intermittent and partial, have nevertheless enabled the Church to reach her highest landmark in Christian effort. Shortly after the Disruption a site was refused for the congregation at Strontian, in the

West Highlands; not an inch of land could be had whereon to build, but all under high-water mark is generally the property of the Crown. A number of Christian gentlemen in Glasgow provided an iron church, which was anchored in the bay, and there the people began to worship God according to their conscience and the dictates of his Word, coming and going from the shore in boats. In a short time a storm arose, and with it came an exceptionally high tide that lifted the iron church and carried it high above the highest mark ever known on that coast, and there they were henceforward privileged to worship. So times of refreshing have raised the individual soul and the Church of God far beyond the level of former experience, and have given their greatest power to those aggressive agencies that prove instrumental in turning the wilderness into a fruitful field.

The revival of a hundred years ago gave us all our missionary societies, our Bible societies, our tract societies, and sent the living gospel strong in increasing power through the arid wilderness of the world. From 1874 to 1890 the Church became sensitive in an unwonted degree to the cry of the perishing heathen, and the Church on both sides of the ocean was warmed up to an aggressive movement hitherto unprecedented. Is it not notorious that every revival, whether in the congregation, or the community, or even the entire Church, is the one instrumentality to supply the missionaries that are required at home and abroad for the conversion of mankind?

Is there not something in all this which the Church of God to-day ought to lay to heart, and for which earnest, unceasing, believing prayer must be made? Is the intelligence of the cloud,small as a man's hand,hovering over the horizon, to be met in the spirit of unbelief or in the attitude of faith? Are we to make haste to turn aside to questions of debate and vain wrangling that profit little, or to hasten to the seed time and the harvest which God is undoubtedly preparing for the future of the Church and the world? In the presence of prevalent sin and rampant evil are we to be always putting the question, 'Why could we not cast them out? or shall we hear our Lord saying, 'All things are possible to him that believeth'? Shall we not then answer: 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief'? 'O Lord, revive thy work; in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy.'

For the Mothers Who Cannot go to Church.

(By Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Sunday School Times.')

The mother with a baby in the cradle, with little children toddling about and clinging to her skirts, and very likely with her own work to do, may long unspeakably to go to church, and yet find the doing so well-nigh impossible. There used to be an old-fashioned way in families, when there were two services on the Lord's Day, for the husband to attend one and the wife the other, the father taking his turn in staying at home and looking after the bairns while their mother enjoyed the privileges of the sanctuary. We should find the good custom still in vogue, should we go through an English Nonconformist congregation, or visit a Scottish kirk, where, in both instances, the members belong largely to the strong middle class which is the life-saving element in most nations.

Unfortunately, in too many American households the man is not a church member, and attends church rather as his wife's escort, and by way of compliment to her, than because he regards the action as a privilege and a duty. If, therefore, the mother remains at home, her husband bears her company, reading secular papers, playing with the children, and resting after a busy week. There are thousands of men who do not thus ignore their own relation to God, but church-going on the part of American men, young and old, is, alas! by no means universal in these days. In the church on Sunday, and at the prayer service of the mid-week, women take precedence in regular attendance, and are numerically in excess over men.

Where husband and wife are indeed true yoke-fellows, the former will try, if he can, to find a way by which the latter may sometimes have the morning's rest in the pew, and the morning's refreshment in hearing the Word and joining in the praise and prayer. Mr. Moody used to insist that the mothers should come to church, and bring their infants with them. I have heard him at Northfield, in the middle of a sermon, pause, and very gently say to a mother who was retiring with a wailing babe: 'Please do not go, madam. We are all accustomed to little children, and the babe disturbs no one.' Yet the situation seemed embarrassing to the modest young mother, on whom the general attention was for the moment turned.

I read, not long ago, an amusing anecdote of a similar request made by a minister in Scotland, who said, 'The bairn does not fash me in the least.' 'Oh!' retorted the retreating mother, 'it's the bairn that's fashed wi' you.'

Personally, I think there is no fairer sight on earth than a row of dear little heads in the pew, but I cannot be convinced that an infant of months, a tiny thing in arms, is not best off at home. And surely a mother can receive little profit or instruction when agitated with a babe's crying, or in dread that at any moment its voice may be lifted up in piteous appeal for food, or for comfort of some sort. Baby and mother are entitled to the privacy and security of their own home while the wee one is very young.

When children are still very small, they may be taken to church, and the mother need not mind their quiet naps there, golden heads on her lap or nestled against her arm, nor should she scruple to let them amuse themselves with paper and pencil, or with a picture book, during some part of the exercises.

For many a sweet mother-heart there must, however, be a period of seclusion, when for several months at a time, and perhaps for some years, she may be able to go very occasionally to the church of her love.

What shall she do? Why, have her church at home,—she and her children and her Lord! I advise her to sit quietly down with her hymn-book and her Bible, and, the little ones around her, read a morning portion aloud. Let her have her own precious season of prayer with them, in all simplicity. If she has learned the value of devotional books, she will have at hand some work of F. B. Meyer, or of Phillips Brooks, or of Andrew Murray, and from this she can read, perhaps only a little, but that little will be as manna to her taste. She may take the same hour, if she prefer, that she used to take in girlhood to sing in the choir or play the organ.

I heard only last summer of a farmer's wife, remote from a place of worship, who does this; and, as in solitude she has her little orderly service, she may feel that in the Master's eye she is one of the great congregation, and that she may claim his blessing and his presence. The dinner may be simmering on the stove, the roast browning in the oven, the baby asleep in her crib, Teddie on the floor building a fort with his Sunday blocks, and God will make the little home a Bethel, and the mother will find her spot sequestered in the home a very bower of Eden rest. Let her never forget the thought that, while it is duty to wait on the Lord in the house of prayer, if one can, yet, if the Lord's appointment prevents the waiting, he can make any house his abode and his temple.

Equally when invalidism, or a great storm, or the care of the sick, keeps a woman who loves Jesus from attendance on public worship, her means of grace need not be far to seek. Her Lord will come to her where he has bidden her stay.

I have often thought that young girls who have abundant freedom might, as a part of their Christian work, by a little self-denial, act as substitutes, now and then; for mothers who could not else go out. The girl, as a Christian Endeavorer, could find no more benignant mission than this, and, if the kindness were offered unobtrusively and with tact, it would be accepted and appreciated. The mother, after the happy relief from care, after the hours of uplift in the dear place where she can join others in worship, would return to her home cares with a smiling face, and the loving girl would be repaid by the Master's tender 'inasmuch.' King's Daughter, maiden of a league or a society, young lady of leisure and culture, will you not think of this as a feasible suggestion?

A Generous Gift from Point Fortune.

Point Fortune, Que.,
July 29, 1902.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,

Gentlemen,—Enclosed please find the sum of $21 from the ladies of the Point Fortune W. C. T. U., for the support and education of an orphan under the care of the Victoria India Orphan Society.

This amount is $4 over the sum required, which, as announced in the 'Messenger,' costs $17 for the support and maintenance of an orphan for one year. The balance is to go towards next year's contribution, and during the ensuing year the ladies will contribute the amount required to complete the sum for the second year's keep.

The Point Fortune W. C. T. U. numbers a very few members, and are to be congratulated for their endeavor in this worthy cause.

MRS. G. BARCLAY, President.

Mail Bag.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

First Report of the Soldier's Home, Wellington

Wellington is situated about one-and-a-half miles from Coonoor. It lies amidst its blue hills with numerous forests of eucalyptus trees. Besides the native bazaar, the Garrison church, the barracks, married quarters, and a few officers' houses studded among the hills, there is little to be seen at Wellington. Dwelling-houses are few and far between. It was therefore no easy matter to obtain a house near to barracks suitable for a Soldiers' Home.

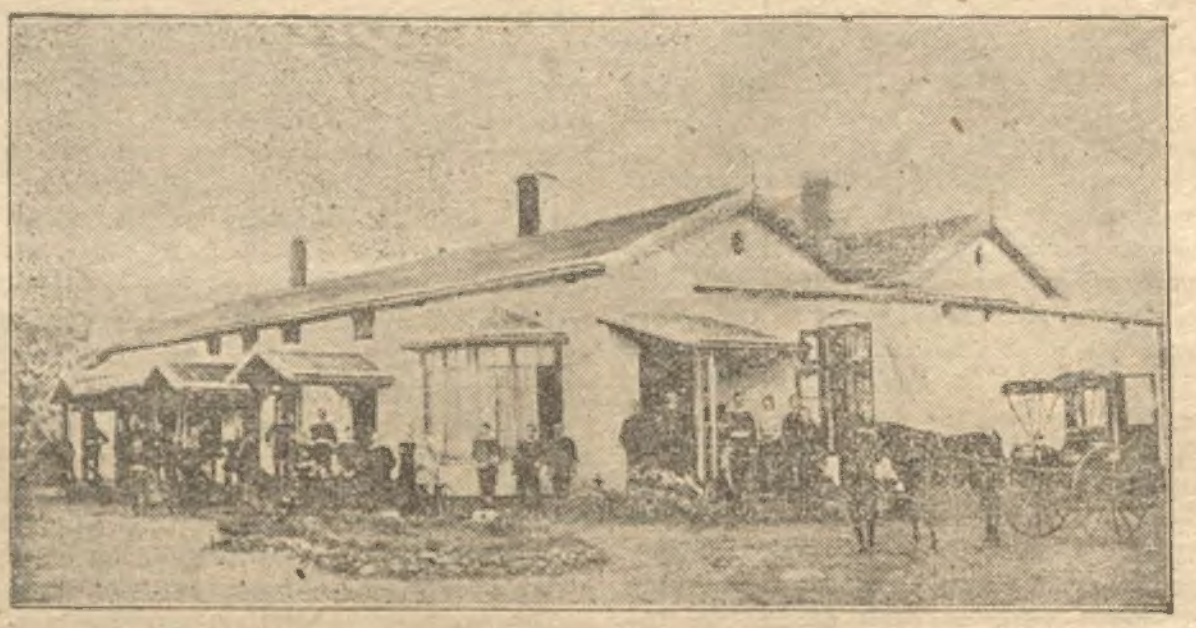
The only house we could obtain was one built by a native. It was built against a bank. It is so frail in structure, some of our friends after we took possession were quite alarmed for our safety, fearing lest in monsoon time we and our house should be washed away! There was no connection in this extraordinary building between the upper and lower parts of the house until we got our landlord to put a wooden stair-case on the outside. The rafters were so slight, we dare not venture to have the soldiers' part above, lest some night the whole thing should come in with a crash! A lady I had known in Soldiers' work in Dublin some years before, rented this building and stayed with me during the first few months in Wellington. She it was who first pointed out to me the need of a home in Wellington. There had been a committee formed in Coonoor and a site had been obtained from Government in the cantonment for building a home, but somehow the grant to build had been withheld. People who knew the need were praying God would send out someone to undertake the work. Wellington is an important place for a Home. It is the Sanatorium of South India for our troops, and besides having one regiment constantly here, for six months of the year hundreds of men from Burmah, Madras, Bengalore, Bellary, etc., etc., come up to the hills, being sent up in most cases by the doctors in order to get up their strength in this good climate. And so it was that while people in Coonoor were praying I was at home waiting on God for guidance. I longed to come to India, but I wanted to be very sure God was sending me. While in this state of mind one day I was talking to a friend, and I told him my difficulty about being sure it was God's will, and he said, 'You have been in India,' (I had worked in the north in a Soldiers' Home for a year and a few months), 'you know the need there—you are able to go,—what more guidance do you want?' From that time I felt definitely led to India. It was hard to dissociate myself from soldiers' work at home and come out, many of my friends being opposed; but the call was clear and definite, and through all the painful 'Goodbyes' he gave peace. So on the morning of October 27, 1898, in the midst of a pour of rain, our carriage stopped at our Wellington Home. It was bare of furniture when we entered except for matting on the floors. I confess my heart sank as I went downstairs and saw the four dark little rooms below. How could they ever be made bright and homelike, and then the chimneys how they smoked! We had not been many hours in possession before little groups of Middlesex men (the depot had gone down for the season) knocked at our upper door. 'We want to know when this place is going to open,' this was the usual inquiry. My friend and I used, turn and turn about, to take them down the wooden staircase and show them their part. They were kind, and encouraging, said it would be 'all right' when there was some furniture in. They offered assistance and at once took it over as their Home. We used to have little meetings in the rooms while still very bare of furniture. I remember one true old friend trying to encourage us in these early days by telling us how in his company he knew one or two, who had been professional burglars in their civilian days, 'Whenever the Home is open they are coming down.' We tried to feel very glad, but we could not keep our thoughts from wandering to our locks and bolts, which were of the frailest. What was my surprise just a few days ago to find out that one of our brightest conversions, a man being daily taught of God—a Middlesex man—had been in his earlier days a burglar! We prove in this work again and again there is nothing too hard for the Lord.

In a little more than a fortnight after we arrived we were able to open the Home, and it did not take long to fill our four rooms. We got a Middlesex man in his off time to look after our Refreshment Bar.

Our nearest neighbor in Wellington is an old man called R. Stewart, who keeps a coffee shop. The soldiers love to visit Stewart's and get a cup of his good tea and a 'yard of his Tamil' (home-made cake). 'Stewart is getting too independent, he is,' one of our first friends said to us before we opened the home,—'he does not put so many eggs in his cakes now, as he did when the depot was up.' Fearing lest we should in any way be thought to be rivals in business we asked Stewart to undertake our bar as a branch of his own business, but he (wise man) said it took him all his time to attend to his own affairs! Not the least important part of a Soldiers' Home is to give the men plenty of good, well-cooked food at the lowest possible rate. We have come through various experiences with regard to our coffee bar, but God has undertaken in this branch of the work also.

One day, after a few months of quiet hard work in the Home, we had a visit from a warm friend of soldiers.

She said 'you must buy a piece of land and build a suitable Home on it.' When I said 'where was the money to come from,' she said, 'To start you I will give you £100.' This seemed to come right from God himself, and I always look on this dear friend as being the one who really



SOLDIERS' HOME, WELLINGTON, NILGIRI HILLS, SOUTH INDIA.
Opened October 27, 1898.

CORNER OF THE READING ROOM, WHERE COPIES OF THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' GO.

started the new Home. From this day forward we began to definitely ask God to give us a new Home, to send the funds, etc., etc. Just opposite our old Home a piece of land measuring four acres was offered for sale, which we acquired for the sum of 3,500 rupees.

And now I felt, although we had started the work independently, we wanted some counsellors and advisers, so we asked four gentlemen interested in the work to help us; all four heartily consented. One of these, our true friend, T. Stanes, Esq., Springfield, Coonoor, took up our cause from the first. He designed the new Home and saw into every detail of the building. We feel specially grateful because when one of our advisers strongly recommended our staying on in the old building and making necessary changes in it at great expense, when all the difficulties of building were put forth, Mr. Stanes came to the rescue with his advice 'go forward.' I quote from his letter: 'February 18, 1899, I will promise to have the Home ready for you before next Christmas,' and he grandly kept his word. Our foundation-stone was laid by Colonel C. P. T. Luxmoor on the 29th of June, and we entered the new building on December 1. Everything prospered with us; God carried on the work. The monsoon kept away until the roof was on, thus making the house to dry so much sooner. We had one or two busy days at the moving. Several men put in a 'pass' and devoted themselves to helping us. It was a case of 'many hands make light work.' We were all in order before Christmas as Mr. Stanes promised, and we had the joy of spending a happy Christmas in the new Home. What an improvement on the old building! Let me in imagination take the reader of this round our new Home. First we enter a fine bright coffee-bar. From this room there is a store-room and a room for the caretaker or Bar man. Here in our coffee-bar about seven o'clock in the evening may be seen Middlesex and depot men who come down for some supper. Until two o'clock each afternoon (Thursdays, the weekly holiday, excepted) the men are not allowed out of barracks. Many a man has told me after he has accepted Christ how he came to the Home only to get some supper, but he heard the singing and thought he would venture into the meeting. He ventures once or twice and God speaks to him, perhaps through the speaker, perhaps in the verse of a favorite hymn sung in the old days by a mother or sister. A tender chord in his heart is touched. He begins to hate the old evil surroundings and his heart longs after forgiveness and peace. Before long a seeking Saviour and a seeking sinner meet, and there is joy in heaven and joy on earth over another sinner repenting. This is, thank God, a common incident in the life of a Soldiers' Home.

Leaving the Bar we enter the Reading-room, a large bright room, with just opposite the door of entrance the word 'Welcome' like the Irish Soldiers' Homes.

Little tables are scattered about with games, such as draughts (the Soldiers' favorite game), Halma, Chess, etc. Two long tables are covered with books and papers. Standing by one of these tables, dear reader, you will see that most of our literature is very ancient and very tossed! We are fond of illustrated papers. When they have served a faithful apprenticeship on our reading room tables they go to the Hospital wards, where they end their days! Soldiers, as a rule, are not readers. The other day one man told me the only paper he cared for was 'Titbits.' But of course there are exceptions to this rule. Here let me take the opportunity of thanking the one or two kind friends at home who remember us in the matter of nice fresh papers, and let me also say how grateful we will be for any suitable literature that may be sent.

A door opens out of the Reading-room below the word 'Welcome' into our Meeting-room. This room is capable of holding about 100 men. It is taxed to its utmost each Sunday evening, and even then it is not large enough. Outside the Meeting-room running along the back of the building is a verandah overlooking our garden and not far from here a tennis court, where men staying on furlough often have a happy game. On this verandah we often sit and have talks or little Bible readings with the men. At 6.30 each evening (Sundays excepted, when it is at three o'clock) we have a Bible-reading for the Christians. They dearly love their Bibles, and our constant prayer is that God will deepen the work in their hearts. The Bible-reading usually ends up with a talk over what has been read. At eight o'clock we have our Gospel meeting lasting for one hour. At the sound of the first hymn the men come in. No need to ask them to attend the meetings. They come willingly. Our work is entirely undenominational, and we are grateful to the kind friends of different denominations staying for the summer months in Coonoor who have helped us with our meetings. The seed has indeed been faithfully sown and in many cases (perhaps far from here) it shall spring up and bear the hundredfold, as we have reaped in our turn what others have sown. 'One soweth and another reapeth.' We sometimes feel a great deal of our work is sowing, but the time of 'rejoicing together' is coming! From nine o'clock until ten o'clock each evening is usually spent by Miss Darling, Miss Jeffreys and myself in listening to the difficulties in some Christian's experience, or in pointing out the way of Salvation to an unsaved man. We meet with many different types of men, many different natures, but all are alike in this—all need sympathy and all need Christ.

If this should fall into the hands of any woman who is a 'mother' let me say, 'mother, your boy may never be a private soldier in the midst of the sin of India, but the day is coming when he shall leave your side and go out into the world. Depend upon it, he will never forget your words, your teaching; so in the morning of your boy's life sow the seed.' Many of these men have been driven from home because of an unhappy second marriage on the father's or mother's side, but rare indeed is it to meet the man whose eyes do not fill, whose heart is not touched at the mention of his mother. At ten o'clock until 10.30 we gather together for a prayer-meeting when some one present gives a verse or a text for a 'pillow.' The Home closes as near to half-past ten o'clock as possible, but after the prayer-meeting there is usually a wild rush into the coffee-bar for a parting cup of cocoa. They leave the Home reluctantly, and sometimes tell us our clock 'goes on wheels' and 'is fast!' In such a case they always hold out for their rights! On Thursday, the general holiday, our day begins early. Usually before we leave our room we hear the verse of a hymn or a two-finger musician playing on the harmonium. We gather together at twelve o'clock for our 'gunfire' when we read the S. C. A. portion. Every Saturday evening we have our S. C. A. meeting when we use the blackboard and choose our Golden text for the week. At the end of our verandah we have furlough rooms where we can put up a few men on furlough. As I write now, our quarters are full. Several men have found Christ while staying on furlough, and sometimes Christian men from the different detachments come up on 'pass.' How these do enjoy the meetings and the Christian fellowship! The regiment stationed here has to find detachments for Cannanore, Calicut and Malapuram. In these three places there is little or no spiritual help for the 100 and 150 men stationed there.

The following is an extract received a few weeks ago from a soldier who went from here to Malapuram: 'There seems to be no place where the Christians can meet every night. There is a small room joined to the church where the men have been meeting, but they cannot always get the key. The cry for help reaches right to Wellington. I can picture us in Wellington sitting in our nice cool Meeting-room enjoying our hymns and communion with God, while men down here have nowhere to go but wander about in the stifling heat; the libraries and institutes are not very tempting: the men seem to be driven to the canteen and worse things, because they are away from all influence that is good; my prayer is that God will help them, for it is an awful place to live in without Christ.' Our hearts' desire is to provide a little Branch Home at each of these places where the Christians can be strengthened and the unsaved got in. All these homes to be in touch with the Mother Home at Wellington. But we want more lady helpers and more money. Our hearts are full of gratitude to the kind friends who have helped us to build this Home, but, there is still a considerable sum needed before we are quite free from debt. I appeal to the generosity of everyone who reads this, and ask each one to help us out of debt so that we may go forward in God's work. We cannot doubt that it is his work and this thought brings us rest—but the fields are white ready to harvest and the night is coming. Who then will join us while it is called to-day in trying to save some mothers' sons from the ruin and misery of sin around? We do praise God as we hear of the work being done among our soldiers in Africa, that such numbers of them, in the face of Death and eternity, have accepted Christ. But we think of the thousands of our men in India to-day, living their monotonous lives in the Barrack-room,—men for whom little sympathy is shown, and so little is being done, men who are ready at a moment's notice to go forth cheerfully and shed their life blood for King and country. Surely such have a claim upon us. Surely we want steady plodding laborers in this part of the Master's vineyard, not only to brighten dark lives but to point to Christ, so that when the summons to the front comes these men may go forth to meet death, saved, having enlisted in the army of the King of kings! 'To as many as received him to them gave he power.' Yes, power even in the Barrack-room to lead a good pure life. Power to overcome temptation in all its subtle forms. The power of God that changes the 'black sheep' of

many a family into one of his own rare bright jewels, for 'with him all things are possible.'

Before I close I must touch on our work among the women and children. Besides the women belonging to the Regiment, Wellington married quarters fill up each Spring with tired women and poor pale little children from Burmah, and the different plain stations. Every Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock in the Garrison prayer-room we have a meeting for the women lasting for one hour. We have a cup of tea, one or two hymns and a Gospel address. The women come very well and some of them look forward to the meetings. The house-to-house visitation and sowing the seed needs great tact and great patience. We are always welcomed by the women. They are glad to have a chat with us of their troubles about Dhobies and Ayahs. We often have an opportunity of talking to them of higher things! We have had blessing in this part of the work. On Thursday afternoons we have a meeting for the children, they come in goodly numbers and look forward to the meetings. They are taught texts and hymns and are told Bible stories.

And now I close this short account of our work in Wellington. God has taught us much since coming here and he is still speaking.

My object in writing this has been not only to get subscriptions to pay off our debt, and to deepen the interest of those at home in Soldiers' Homes in India, but also in the hope that some lady free from home ties may feel led of God either to help us here or to start a home in some station where there is none. If this should fall into the hands of such, dear reader, remember we are 'Saved to save.' Let us not hang back when God says, 'Go,' but let us rather step out in faith and the 'mountains shall flow down at his presence. He who 'poured out his soul unto death' for us accepts the life poured out in loving service for others if done through his Spirit and for his glory. Let us be strong and work while it is called today, that we may not be ashamed before him at his coming.

When the summons, 'Come up hither, Welcome home,' reaches us it will be joy indeed to meet in the 'Soldiers' Home' above with old friends who have gone out from us and who have been saved and kept even in the Barrack-room, and we shall hear the King say, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me, Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord,' that joy, dear reader, oh! think of it, when

'He and I in the bright Glory
One deep joy shall share,
Mine to be forever with Him,
His that I am there.'

Will you pray for the work carried on, not only in this little Home but in every other Soldiers' Home throughout this dark land of India?

J. L. Moore.

Soldiers' Home, Wellington,
Nilgiri Hills, S. India,
July 26, 1900.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is August, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

[For the 'Messenger.'

The Summer Outing.

(By Louise E. Seymour, a young Contributor.)

I always talk of it as 'the' summer outing, for it was the most enjoyable I have ever spent.

I, that is, Philip Nichols, am fourteen years old, five feet six inches in height, with a snub nose, freckles, light hair and grey eyes. My features are not beautiful by any means; the boys call me 'Freckles,' and the girls laugh at me.

At the time I am introducing myself to you, I was surrounded by a group of lads about my own age, who were waiting for me to express my opinion as to the best way to spend the summer vacation. 'Well,' said I, 'father was telling me of one time when he was a boy, and with five others hired an old tub and went cruising round. He had no end of fun. I propose we go cruising.'

For a few minutes after my proposal silence reigned. Tom Brooks, as usual, was the first to speak. 'I say we vote about it,' he exclaimed. This was done, and the proposal was carried unanimously. The next thing to do was to hire a boat.

'Fish out your tin,' said Tom Brooks, 'and see how much we've got.'

Between the seven of us, myself, Tom, Jim Dale, Dave Howe, Bob Tyler, Charlie Green, and Dick Selden, we managed to scrape together fifteen dollars, and most of us were sure that our parents would add to the sum.

This was not enough, but we determined to see Mr. Dimsdale, the owner of a certain steam-launch, which had not been used for quite a while, and find out his charges. Arriving at his house, we asked to see Mr. Dimsdale, and were ushered into his study, where he was seated at a desk. Suddenly we were all seized with a fit of embarrassment, and looked silently from one to the other.

'What is it, lads?' said Mr. Dimsdale in a kind voice. This encouraged us, and Tom spoke up.

'We wanted to know about the steam-launch, sir—if you'd rent it to us for the summer, and how much it would cost?'

'Well, well, lads,' replied the old gentleman, 'I'd be very glad to do so, as I do not intend using it this summer, providing you take good care of it.'

'How—how much would it cost, sir?' asked Tom.

'Oh! never mind that. I like to see boys enjoy themselves,' he replied.

We were amazed at our good fortune, and could only say, 'Thank you, sir,' but our eyes said enough to make up for our tongues.

When we found ourselves in the street again, I exclaimed, 'Wasn't he a jolly old fellow, boys?'

'You bet!' came in a chorus. Thomas, the practical, here reminded us that we'd better buy provisions, as we intended starting as soon as school closed, that joyful time arriving in four days.

'Fifteen dollars will be enough,' he said, 'because, you know, we'll catch fish and things like that.'

We proceeded to the grocer's, where we ordered the supplies, having them sent aboard the 'Petrel.'

From there we made tracks for home, where, fortunately, all of us obtained our parents' consent.

The next morning we all met at the 'Petrel' after school. Dick Selden was appointed engineer, as he had been with his father on a cruise, and could run the engine of the launch tolerably well. Tom was chosen captain; Jim Dale, first mate; myself, second; Dave Howe, steward; and the other two were the crew.

The boat was a good-sized one, capable of holding about twenty-five, so we had plenty of room to store things. This accomplished, we were all impatient to get off; and took a trial trip to test her. She was a beauty, and no mistake, and went like the wind. I am afraid that the end of that day found us very little the wiser for being in school, and the next two were the same. The fourth day we boarded the launch, all having a good supply of pocket-money. We were in boisterous spirits, and Dick straightway proceeded to the engine-room. He had not been gone five minutes when he rushed up again. 'Say, you fellows,' he cried, 'there's not a speck of coal, and we can't start till you get some.'

We stood open-mouthed in wonder; Tom spoke up first, ' O Dick! you go and order it; tell 'em to send it right up. Here's the chink.'

Dick ran off without a word, and returned within half-an-hour, followed later by the coal. Notwithstanding this delay we started off in good spirits.

At about twelve o'clock we began to feel hungry. Everything was all right for dinner except the potatoes, which Dave Howe, being steward, was supposed to cook. First he asked me how long it took to cook them. I didn't know anything about it, but I answered, 'Fifteen minutes, old chap.'

'Oh! stop your nonsense,' he said—'Do you know, Tom?'

'Between two and three hours,' replied that individual.

'Well, I'll cook them for an hour and a half. You fellows can help me peel them.' So we all proceeded to the galley, where a fire soon set the potatoes boiling.

The time passed slowly till 1 o'clock, when we decided to have dinner. Dave went to get the potatoes, and returned with them in a covered dish.

'I hope you like soup,' he remarked, 'for that's what these potatoes are. I had to bring them in, water and all. You fellows don't know any more about cooking than I do.' Nobody tried the potatoes, but we made a pretty good dinner just the same.

The rest of the day proved uneventful, and it was not before two more days had passed that we sighted the point of land, around which we were going to cruise. That night we landed on a small island near the mainland, and moored our launch. We put up our tent, and spent the night on shore.

We got up with the sun the next morning, and had a swim before breakfast. Then we made our plans for the day. We were to separate in pairs and go to the mainland, where we could hunt, fish or roam around, following our own sweet wills. Dave said he would prefer to stay on the island, so the rest of us rowed to the mainland, where Dick and I went one way, Tom and Jim Dale another, Bob Tyler and Charlie Green another.

Dick and I went north, intending to do some shooting. We passed through a thick wood, scaring rabbits from their holes. I took a shot at one and managed to hit him by some good luck. I felt quite proud of myself.

Then we climbed up a very steep hill.

When we reached the top Dick exclaimed, 'I'd like to know, Phil, how we'll get down here?'

'I gazed in dismay at the steep descent, but said in a matter-of-fact tone, 'Walk down, of course, you jay.'

But when we started to follow my advice, we found it easier said than done. Before I had gone many steps my pace quickened perceptibly and at last I broke into a wild run. I tried to stop myself, but could not, though at length a thought struck me. 'Sit down,' I yelled to Dick, who I thought was following me, 'sit down, and slide.'

I followed my own advice, but still kept on in my mad course. A huge boulder loomed in my path, and I shot straight into what I at first thought was a deep lake, but which proved to be a frog-pond. The frogs began to croak, as if they resented my intrusion on the serenity of their home-life. After I recovered from my surprise I looked around for Dick. He, wise fellow, had waited to see how I fared, and was now standing at the top of the hill doubled up with laughter. Unfortunately, while laughing at my expense, he approached too near the brow of the hill and rolled over.

Down and down he rolled, till he joined me in the pond. It was now my turn to laugh, and you can bet I did. But the fall had sobered Dick, and he did not see the joke. 'It's mean to laugh at a fellow like that,' he said. 'You laughed at me,' I replied, with a fresh outburst. 'That was different,' he said—'but don't let's quarrel. We'd better get home.'

We climbed the hill again with a great deal of difficulty, and passed through the wood, where we shot another rabbit. We arrived at the appointed meeting-place, but saw no signs of the others. We had not long to wait, however. Charlie and Bob returned with a fine string of fish, but still no sign of Tom and Jim.

'Well,' said Charlie, 'perhaps they reached the island before us. We'd better go and see.' But when we put foot on shore, nothing was to be seen either of Dave, or Tom and Jim. Dave appeared in a few minutes with two pails full of raspberries which he had picked. 'What have you done with Tom and Jim?' he said. 'We don't know where they are,' Dick replied dismally.

After scanning the shore for a minute, Dave burst into a laugh. 'If you weren't so anxious about them, perhaps you'd see them waving to you to bring over the boat.' We all looked where Dick was pointing, and sure enough, there were the two missing ones.

Dick ran for the boat, which he pushed off and rowed over. He soon returned with Tom and Jim, who were in a dreadful condition, clothes torn, faces scratched, and hats gone. Perhaps they didn't look any worse than Dick and myself, but then the others were so excited that they forgot to comment on our appearance.

A shout of laughter greeted them, and Tom replied, 'We look no worse than Phil and Dick. I guess they've been rolling in mud.'

'Well,' said Dave, 'dinner's ready, and we'll have your yarns while we eat.'

Tom and Jim told their story first, and I will try to give it as exactly as possible in Jim's words.

'After we separated from you other fellows, we proposed to do a little exploring on our own hook. First we passed through a large field, but it was full of brambles, and that's how we got in this condition. Then we came to another field, but in it was a bull. My! but he looked wicked, eh, Tom?' 'You can bet he did,' said that worthy, 'his horns were as long—well—as long as my legs,' We all laughed at this, for Tom's legs were noted for their length. 'Well,' continued Jim, 'that crazy idiot wished to hold his red necktie in front of the bull to see what he would do. Of course he ran at us, and we ran too.'

'You did, you mean,' interrupted Tom. 'I walked ahead of the animal at a dignified gait.'

'Oh! you did, did you?' said Jim, scornfully,—'But anyway, we managed to get out of the field before the bull got at us. Then we stumbled into a farmyard, and my! such a noise!'

'Something like Jim singing,' again interrupted Tom.

'I guess not,' said Jim, 'you keep quiet while I'm talking. 'Well the fowls kicked up an awful row, and we thought we'd better run, or have the farmer catch us. So we skedaddled. But when the geese saw us, they chased us, and one spiteful old gander grabbed me by the leg—just see the black-and-blue spot.' And here Jim fell to examining his leg. Tom continued, 'We'd just got rid of the geese, when the farmer's wife appeared on the scene with a broom. We were glad enough to get off her old farm and told her so. Then we made tracks for home, and the rest you know.' So ended the adventures of Tom and Jim, and we had a good laugh over them.

Charlie and Bob had come off all right. They fished all morning, caught a number of fish, and had no accidents at all. Then Dick and I told our adventures, which raised another laugh.

I don't know how the others slept that night, but I do know that I dreamt of frogs, huge stones, steep hills, and bottomless lakes.

The next two weeks were uneventful, but our provisions gave out on the third, so we had to take a trip to the nearest town to get some more. The water was rather rough, and Dave was seasick. He said he wished he'd never come with a pack of donkeys like us; but when he got well, he thought better of it.

We spent two quiet weeks fishing, hunting and swimming.

One day Tom proposed swimming races. Of course we all agreed. We anchored the boat about one hundred yards from the island, and donned our bathing suits. Tom yelled 'Go,' and we all jumped in and struck out for shore, Charlie soon being left behind. Jim reached land first, Tom second, myself third, Dave fourth, Bob fifth, and Charlie—but where was Charlie?

Tom spoke first in a hoarse whisper. 'What's become of Charlie?' None of us answered. Again Tom spoke. 'Let's go back to the launch, and decide what to do.' We went back, a woe-begone party, fear and dread written on our features.

What was our amazement on entering the cabin to see Charlie sitting there, reading 'Perils of the Deep.'

'Why, hallos, you fellows!' he said, looking up from his book. 'What brought you back so soon? I saw you'd all beat me, so I turned back and took it easy.'

'You're a nice fellow, to play a trick like that on us,' muttered Tom. 'Oh! don't get sulky,' replied Charlie. 'You ought to fall on my neck and kiss me with thankfulness, to find that I am alive and well instead of being drowned.'

We were indeed thankful, and the rest of the day passed off quietly.

Nothing exciting happened for a long while, although not a day passed without some excursion being planned, and at last we began to talk of going home.

We started a week before school was to begin, intending to take things easy and reach home the day school opened. This plan was carried out, and we arrived safely at our destination.

The first thing we did was to visit Mr. Dimsdale, thanking him and relating our adventures. He laughed heartily over them and seemed much pleased.

The other fellows were crazy to hear us tell about it, and I guess there will be more than one such outing next summer.

Lost.

('Christian World.')

The service in the chapel was as interesting as usual, but there were three people who did not in the least enjoy it, and they were Dorothy Stanhope, and her father and mother. Johnnie was not there, he had been sent to bed in disgrace, and it was his absence from the service which made his people sad. He was often naughty, but he had been unusually mischievous that afternoon, for he had set fire to the door of an old outhouse in his desire to ascertain how much force a tablespoonful of petroleum possessed. His father was angry, and his first impulse was to give Johnnie 'something to remember' in the shape of a flogging, for he did not wish to spare the rod and spoil the child; but Mr. Stanhope was a strong man, and the boy was at present rather thin and small, and it always seemed a little cowardly for a big man to thrash a small boy, so he bade him go to bed supperless, and locked him into his room.

It was often said that Mr. Leigh's week-night addresses came home to the hearts of his hearers with more power even than the Sunday's sermons; they were more familiar and fresh, more homely and hearty. On this evening his theme was forgiveness, illustrated by the father of the prodigal son, and the old subject shone with new light. As the Stanhopes listened they thought of Johnnie and relented. The father's conscience suggested that he might have dealt more wisely with the boy. Dorothy wondered whether he was hungry or cold, and thought how long it was for him to be left alone, locked up in his room, and the mother decided that she would go to him directly she reached home, and take him in her arms, and comfort him and herself with love.

They did not wait to speak to their friends that night, but directly the service was over they hurried away, and the pony had some difficulty in keeping the pace which his master required.

As soon as they reached home the mother, demanding the key of the boy's room, ran upstairs without waiting to remove her bonnet.

'Johnnie, are you asleep? Johnnie, boy, where are you?'

The window was open, and the cold air blowing in, but Johnnie was not there. The bed was smooth and had not been used, and the boy was not under it or hiding in the wardrobe as she expected.

'John! Dorothy! He is not here,' she cried.

Her husband took the stairs three at a time, and was beside her in a moment.

'Now, Johnnie, none of your nonsense, unless you want a real good thrashing.

Come out, wherever you are,' said Mr. Stanhope.

'He is not here,' said his wife; 'where could he hide?'

'Was the door locked?'

'Yes; he must have got out of the window.' But Johnnie's room was at the top of the house, which was a high one, and there was nothing for him to cling to.

'If he took this sheer drop it is a wonder he did not break his neck.' Mrs. Stanhope went to the window and shouted 'Johnnie, Johnnie.' Dorothy was in the garden and the stable already crying his name, but there was no response.

Mr. Stanhope rang a large bell which summoned his men. No one had seen or heard Johnnie all the evening.

'Light the lanterns and search everywhere. He has perhaps fallen asleep under a shed. Go and enquire through the village, some of you, and pray be quick.'

There was a quaver not often heard in the master's strong voice; an old servant noticed it. 'Don't you worry about Master Johnnie, sir; he's all right. I expect this is nothing but one of his tricks.'

'Oh, yes, we shall find him directly. Don't you be alarmed, my dear,' said the master to his wife. 'Go into the house and rest, and I will send Dorothy to you.'

'Oh, John, neither Dorothy nor I can rest until we have found him. I am afraid some harm has come to my boy.'

'Dear, what harm could come? The young rogue! He deserves a whipping for giving us all this trouble.'

The woods and fields were alive with lanterns and shouts all the night. Friendly neighbors came and joined the search-party, but the boy was not found, and Mrs. Stanhope grew sick with dread. No one slept; the men and the women too searched and walked. All the near villages were visited, and some of the people went into the town, but they could hear nothing of the lost boy, and when the daylight came and the searchers met to tell their story of disappointment, the Stanhopes seemed to have grown old in a night.

'The news will spread,' said Mr. Stanhope, trying to keep up the courage of the others and himself, 'and everybody is looking for him. He will be hungry, too, and want the comforts of his home. We really need not be anxious. Somebody will bring him home, or he will come back of his own accord.'

But the day passed, and there was no news of the boy. All agencies possible at that time were set in motion, and Mr. Stanhope was riding from place to place the whole day, but night fell and Johnnie had not returned.

Could there be suspense more awful than that which held the mother's heart? She and Dorothy were consumed by anxiety, though the girl was less despairing than the mother. 'It is not as if he were a helpless baby,' she said; 'he can ask for things, and he is a sharp boy. But, oh! mother, mother, what should we do if we could not pray? God sees him, he will take care of him. Be sure of that.'

But Mrs. Stanhope could only bury her white face in her hands, and pray and sob. Her imagination pictured her child in all kinds of perils, hungry, weary, lonely, ill—perhaps he had fallen into the hands of thieves or murderers; she could fancy that she saw him bleeding by the wayside, or lying drowned in the river, or dying of cold and starvation, especially as another day and night passed, and Johnnie had not come home. Anxiety and sleeplessness told hardly upon them all, but Mrs. Stanhope became quite ill. And when the third night of the boy's disappearance came it was feared that her reason would give way, for the strain was too great to be borne.

They had persuaded her to try to sleep, and the doctors were watching her gravely, when the back door of the house opened softly and shoeless feet crept up the stairs. Nobody heard but the mother, who was out of bed in the moment, listening at the top of the stairs. It was not quite dark, and she saw the little tired form with its curly head coming towards her.

'Oh, Johnnie!' she sobbed.

'Yes, I expect you're glad to have me back,' said a faint voice; 'but I suppose my father will punish me.'

'Oh, my darling, my darling, my poor, poor boy! No, your father will be too thankful to see you. Where have you been? You have nearly broken our hearts.'

'Don't cry, mother, I am dreadful tired and hungry. I ran away to London and the sea, but I couldn't find them. So I remembered what the Bible says, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord."'

Mr. Stanhope was just in time to catch the little fellow, who fainted in his arms.

Tom's Awakening.

In one of the suburbs of Boston lives a boy whom we will call Thomas Stone. He is a lad of about sixteen, quick, intelligent, and an only son. From his earliest childhood he remembers that, whatever happened, nothing was allowed to interfere with the daily family prayers.

His father is a well known merchant, of definite and well-fixed religious ideas. Every morning after breakfast the whole family, guests, servants, and all, assembled in the drawing-room. There the head of the family reads a passage from the Bible, and then offers a simple petition, which invariably concludes with the Lord's Prayer; in that the whole family joins.

To the lively, impatient boy this sacred family custom was at times a bore; it interfered with so many things that might be done. But his father never allowed him to absent himself except for an imperative reason. So it frequently happened that he fretted and showed more or less impatience when the few minutes devoted to family prayer arrived.

His father tried all sorts of plans—punishments, rebukes—but could do nothing to check this spirit of revolt.

Finally, one morning, just after prayers, while the family were all present, he said:

'My boy, you are now sixteen—old enough to take a prominent part in the management of the home—and I propose that once a week you shall lead our family prayers.'

The boy was taken by surprise, and flushed deeply. But he had courage, and so said, with apparent composure.

'All right, father.'

But his heart beat tumultuously.

The next morning his father handed him the Bible, and told him he was to lead the family worship.

'But I can't make a prayer as you do,' whispered the son.

'You can repeat the Lord's Prayer,' said his father, gently.

Tom read the Bible very well. Then they all knelt down and followed him as he led them in the Lord's Prayer. It was noticed that his voice became more unsteady as he went on. Finally, when he came to 'and forgive us our trespasses as we—' he burst into tears, and, jumping up, rushed upstairs to his room, and flung himself on the bed, weeping bitterly.

The father knew that something serious was the matter, but he did not know what. He gave the lad time to compose himself a little, and then followed him upstairs. He leaned over and patted his boy upon the head.

'What is the matter, my son? Tell me all about it. I will help you.'

'Father,' sobbed the boy, 'I couldn't lead in prayers. I saw my teacher before me all the time. I told him a lie yesterday. I—I had forgotten all about it, but it came up when I was praying. I don't think I ever realized what that prayer meant before.'

'You had better tell your teacher to-day, Tom.'

'I will, I promise you,' was the emphatic answer. Then raising himself, he looked his father in the eye and said:

'I don't see how anyone can pray aloud before people unless he can wash everything off the slate and know that it is clean.'

Much moved, his father laid his hand upon his shoulder.

'My dear boy,' he said, 'you have stumbled upon the vital truth in prayer. It is not that one cannot go to his heavenly Father until "the slate is clean," as you say, but it is because prayer shows him when it is not clean, and helps us to make it clean, that it draws us nearer to God and makes us better.'—Source unknown.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

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Lord Kitchener's Farewell to His Troops—'The Spectator,' London.
Lord Kitchener—'Daily Chronicle,' London.
Some Anecdotes of Lord Kitchener—Birmingham 'Daily Gazette.'
A Radical's Estimate of Mr. Chamberlain—By H. W. Massingham, in 'The Speaker,' London.
The Betting Report—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Mr. Brice on the Relation between Whites and Blacks—By A. V. Dicey, in 'The Nation,' New York.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Coquelin Interviewed: Actor, Politician, and Philanthropist—'Daily Mail,' London.
Music and Manliness—'Evening Post,' New York.
Mosaics and Mural Painting—'Academy and Literature,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Waiting—Poem, by L. B. Walford, in the 'Westminster Budget.'
General Viscount Kitchener—Poem, by E. Marriott Watson, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
Faits Pareil—'Daily Chronicle,' London.
Theory and Practice—'Punch,' London.
Ruskin at the English Lakes—Part I.—By the Rev. Canon H. D. Rawnsley, in 'St. George.'
George Eliot—'The Pilot,' London.
A Yorkshire Poet—By Herbert Morrah, in 'The Week's Survey,' London.
Samuel Butler—'The Athenæum,' London.
Signed or Unsigned—New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
William Hazlitt: A Writer's Writer—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Hunting quotations—New York 'Times.'
A Russian Religious Reformer—By E. J. Dillon, in 'The Sunday Magazine.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

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Jim's Band.

'I'd like to be a doctor,' thought Ted, as he watched the house-surgeon coming down the ward. 'It would be such jolly fun. Nothing to do but to order people about all day, and if you didn't like 'em, you could just serve 'em out by ordering nasty doses. My! that old chap in the corner 'ud have an awful time with me.'

The poor old man in the corner thought he was having an awful time, in spite of the lack of Ted's assistance. Indeed, even patient Dr. Martin felt relieved when the long tale of his misery came to an end and he could pass on to attend to Ted.

For everyone in the ward liked the little fellow who lay in the corner bed and watched all that went on out of big brown eyes. Ted himself found lying in bed the slowest work he had undertaken yet. How thankful he would be when time had healed his broken leg!

'I'll be jolly careful after this,' he often thought. 'No more carts over me in a hurry for the sake of all the 'xtry speshuls in the world.'

Ted spent half his days in dreaming of the time when he would once more be out on the London streets —the smartest paper boy anywhere around the Mansion House.

But he always woke up when the doctor came along. 'He's a rare one for jokes, you know,' he explained to his mother on visiting day. ''E don't just look solemn at a feller—we 'as a larf and an argiment every time we meets.'

But that morning the doctor's jokes were few and he looked at Ted more keenly than usual as he felt his pulse. Then he added something to the diet sheet that had never been there before.

'We must pull him up somehow, Sister,' he said, as he passed on. 'He's a plucky little chap, but he isn't gaining strength.'

'Now, then, Teddikins, wake up and take this,' said Nurse Blanche an hour later.

'And what's that?' asked Ted doubtfully, eyeing the glass she held; 'I don't want no nasty things.'

'Nonsense, port wine's not nasty, Ted. It's what rich people like to drink. Come, be quick. I can't stand here another minute.'

But Ted would not touch the glass.

'No,' he said determinedly, 'I don't touch no wine and you can't make me.'

Nurse Blanche scolded, threatened, coaxed but all to no purpose. Ted said nothing more—only stared solemnly in front of him with tears in his big brown eyes.

'You've done it now, young chap,' said the man in the next bed, as Nurse Blanche sailed down the ward to report the case to Sister

'What?' asked Ted.

'Why, if you don't obey orders they turns you out jolly quick.'

'Can't help it,' was the sturdy answer, 'though I don't know where I'd go. There ain't room for me at home as long as I'm like this.'

Ted thought of the corner of a bed that was all he could claim in his mother's crowded room and grew

'I want you to choose,' little Blossom
(Grandpa calls me his blossom, you know),
A gift for your birthday from grandpa,
Shall it be the new calf white as snow,
The colt, or old Speckle-wing's chickens.
For of all that my acres can hold,
There's nothing too good for my darling,
Who is growing so dreadfully old.'

I thought, oh, a long time about it,
Till my eyes wandered out to the trees,
All loaded with pink and white blossoms,
That were falling like snow in the breeze.
'You darling old grandpa,' I whispered,
'Could you give me just one apple tree?'
For I happened to think of a secret
That belongs to just Daisy and me.

The great golden apples are hanging
Where the blossoms were hanging last May.
We gather the round shining beauties
And send them to town market today.
Of course I can't tell you the secret,
For it doesn't belong just to me;
I guess, though, the dear mission people
Will be glad grandpa gave me my tree.

—Tara, in 'Children's Work for Children.'

more and more distressed. Would Sister really come and turn him out?

Presently she came quietly down the ward and stood beside him, saying gently:

'Now, then, Ted, what is it all about?'

'Nothin',' was the answer, 'only I can't take that stuff. You ain't never told me to before, why need I have it now?'

'Because the doctor ordered it, my boy, and here doctors must be obeyed, you know.'

'Then I s'pose you'll turn me out. I only know that all the fellers would say I was a muff to break my word, and I really can't do it, Sister, because of Jim.'

'And who is Jim?' asked Sister, sitting down.

'My chum,' said Ted, and for a moment he did not add another word. Then he went on:

''E was always good, was Jim, 'e never did a mean turn in his life. It weren't in 'im to fold his "overs" so that they'd count two instead o' one, and it ain't easy to keep always on the straight, as I know well.'

Ted looked at Sister as if he were a man of wide experience.

'I'm sure that's true,' she answered gravely; 'but what has this to do with taking the port wine?'

'Just this,' said Ted, 'Jim 'ad a little sister Nellie, and she was killed one night outside a public-'ouse. A drunken man came out and tumbled on 'er, and when they picked 'er up she was quite dead. After that, Jim formed a band and made us swear we'd never touch the drink. We've kept our word, although Jim died a year ago. I'd like to be perlite, but, Sister, I can't break it, I really can't. Is it true they'll turn me out?'

'We must ask the doctor,' was Sister's smiling answer. 'In the meantime drink every drop of milk and eat all the food they bring. Don't worry, Ted, I think he is sure to let you off. You are a little temperance hero and I am proud of you.'—Kathleen in 'Temperance Record.'

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What Made Baby Cross.

'Mamma, I wish you would call baby in; he is so cross that we cannot play,' cried Robert to his mamma one day, as he was playing in the garden with his sister and the baby.

'I do not think he would be cross if you were not cross to him,' said mamma, coming out. 'He does just as he sees you do. Just try him and see. Put your hat on one side of your head.'

Robbie did so, and presently the baby pushed his straw hat over on one side of his head.

'Whistle,' said mamma. Robbie did, and the baby began to try to whistle too.

'Stop mocking me,' said Robbie, giving the baby a push. Baby screamed and pushed Robbie back.

'There! you see,' said the mother, 'the baby does just as you do. Kiss him now, and you will see how quickly he will follow your example.'

Robbie did not quite like doing this, but he did it, and the baby kissed and hugged him back very warmly.

'Now you see,' said his mother, 'you can make a cross baby or a good baby of your little brother. But you must teach him yourself.' —'Our Little Dots.'

Her Little Prayers Answered.

Alfred Day, general secretary of the Michigan Sunday School Association, tells the story of a little girl who came under his observation. This little girl was a Christian and regularly attended Sunday school though her parents did not. One day the primary teacher gave a talk in which she told her class how they might carry the Sunday school influence into their homes. As a result this little girl decided to read a verse and kneel down and say the Lord's prayer after breakfast each day.

It was a trying moment for the little girl on Monday morning, but she was true to her resolve. The father did not object, and the verse was read; neither was there objection to the little prayer, and, with childlike faith she prayed in the presence of her father and mother, both of whom however remained seated at the table. Tuesday, Wednesday, and the days following it was the same. Before the next week was ended, both father and mother were on their knees by the side of the little girl when prayer time came. It was not a great while after this that both father and mother were converted and sought the church.—'Ram's Horn.'

She Forgot.

(Recitation for a little girl.)

She forgot to come to the meeting
Of her own dear mission band,
But remembered to go down street,
For candy, I understand.

She forgot to put the pennies,
For she told me so herself,
Pennies for heathen children,
In the mite-box on the shelf.

She forgot to ask God's blessing
On the missionaries, too.
If you had so poor a memory,
Oh, pray, what would you do?

(Sing this verse.)

Sing a song of pennies, did you hear them fall
In the little mite-box, shining ones and all?
When the box they opened, they all began to sing;
Let us carry far and wide, a message from the King.

Many heathen children
Need a helping hand,
Dusky little sisters
In a foreign land.

Long have they been waiting
A message from above,
All the pennies help to tell
The story full of love.

I think I'll give for missions
At least one dime in ten,
And if for funds you're lacking,
Just call on me again.
—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Better Whistle Than Whine.

Two little boys were on their way to school. The smaller one tumbled, and though not badly hurt, began to whine in a babyish way—a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a fatherly way and said: 'Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle.' And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy whistle.

'I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie,' said he, 'my lips won't pucker up good.'

'Oh, that's because you haven't got all the whine out yet' said Charlie; 'but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away.'

So he did; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 17.

Journeying Toward Canaan.

Numbers x., 11-13, 29-36. Commit to memory verses 33, 34.

Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 11.—Num. x., 11-13, 29-36.
Tuesday, Aug. 12.—Num. ix., 15-23.
Wednesday, Aug. 13.—Gen. xii., 1-9.
Thursday, Aug. 14.—Neh. ix., 7-19.
Friday, Aug. 15.—Isa. lxiii., 7-14.
Saturday, Aug. 16.—Psa. cvii., 1-15.
Sunday, Aug. 17.—Psa. xxiii.

Golden Text.

'For thy Name's sake lead me, and guide me.'—Ps. xxxi., 3.

Lesson Text.

(11) And it came to pass on the twentieth day of the second month, in the second year, that the cloud was taken up from off the tabernacle of the testimony. (12) And the children of Israel took their journeys out of the wilderness of Sinai; and the cloud rested in the wilderness of Paran. (13) And they first took their journey according to the commandment of the Lord by the hand of Moses. (29) And Moses said unto Hobab, the son of Raguel the Midianite, Moses's father-in-law, We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you; come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel. (30) And he said unto him, I will not go; but I will depart to mine own land, and to my kindred. (31) And he said, Leave us not, I pray thee; forasmuch as thou knowest how we are to encamp in the wilderness, and thou mayest be to us instead of eyes. (32) And it shall be, if thou go with us, yea, it shall be, that what goodness the Lord shall do unto us, the same will we do unto thee. (33) And they departed from the mount of the Lord three days' journey: and the ark of the covenant of the Lord went before them in the three days' journey to search out a resting place for them. (34) And the cloud of the Lord was upon them by day, when they went out of the camp. (35) And it came to pass, when the ark set forward, that Moses said, Rise up, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered; and let them that hate thee flee before thee. (36) And when it rested, he said, Return, O Lord, unto the many thousands of Israel.

Suggestions.

(From 'Arnold's Commentary.')

For eleven months and twenty days the children of Israel have been encamped in the wilderness of Sinai. A wonderful year it has been. The law has been given. Within the ark are the two tables of stone upon which God wrote this law with his own finger. They have learned how terrible is the sin of idolatry. They have built the tabernacle. God has returned to them and shines in the tabernacle between the cherubim, and covers it with his cloud. The cloud is lifted now, and they prepare to follow wherever it may lead. They journey for three days, and in the wilderness of Paran the cloud rests again upon the tabernacle and they encamp there. Had any of them refused to take down their tents, or to make the toilsome journey, they would have been left to perish in the wilderness. If we would be under God's protection and care we must keep close to his children and follow where he leads.

Moses invited Hobab to go with them, first because of the good that would come to him through God's blessing upon his people. God has spoken good concerning his people, and not one word of it should fail. The Midianites, Hobab's people, were strangers to God, and afterward enemies to God's people. Like Moses, we should invite our friends to go with us to heaven. When Hobab flatly refused to go, Moses did not give up, but urged him yet more strongly, giving as a second reason the fact that he could do them good in assisting them through the wilderness. We should not be disheartened if those whom we ask to come to Jesus turn away from us and refuse to come. Like Hobab they may think better of it, and decide to go with God's people to their Canaan, the heavenly country. It is quite evident that Hobab finally decided to go, for we read that when Canaan was divided among the tribes, the children of Hobab had their inheritance. Hobab had to choose between Midian and Canaan, between his own kindred and the people of God. So we must choose between the world and Christ, and oftentimes between our friends and those who follow Jesus. May we choose as wisely as Hobab did.

We should make God's people our people. 1. Their society is the best in the world and cannot fail to do us good. 2. Their words of counsel and advice will be a safeguard to us and will enable us to understand the will of God more perfectly. 3. As we associate with them we will be led to see our lack of divine life and spiritual blessings, and our desires for God and his truth will be intensified.

The pilgrim's protection.—'The ark of the covenant of the Lord went before them . . . to search out a resting place for them.' V. 33. The ark was a chest about fifty-four inches long, thirty broad, and thirty high. It was the first article of the tabernacle made. The altar was first in approach, but the ark was first in intention and design. Ex. xxv., 10. It was a visible symbol of the presence of the invisible God, a pledge of God's faithfulness to his people, a type of him who wrought out the plan of salvation to which it pointed. Made of the wood of the desert, it told of Jesus as a 'root out of a dry ground' (Isa. liii., 2), of the durable, precious acacia wood, it typified him in his ever victorious humanity. Covered with gold, it represented his divinity and glory. In the ark the law was preserved. The law was kept in the heart of Jesus. He could say always, 'I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.' Psa. lx., 8; Heb. viii., 10. The pot of manna told of God's providential care. Ex. xiv., 33; Heb. ix., 4. The rod of Aaron with its almond blossoms teaches us that the priesthood of Christ must not be usurped and can not be dispensed with. Num. xvii., 10. The lid which covered the ark was the mercy-seat. The blood of atonement on the mercy-seat typified the blood of Christ satisfying the demands of the law. A primary teacher asked if there was anything God would not see. 'No,' 'No,' came from every part of the room until one little lad had the courage to differ from the rest and said 'Yes.' 'What is it?' asked the teacher. 'God can't see my sins when they are covered with the blood of Christ.' The mercy-seat was the place of propitiation, mediation, where sin was confessed, judged, atoned for and forgiven. 'Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.' Psa. xxxii., 1. 'Love shall cover the multitude of sins.' I. Peter iv., 8. 'Love covers all things.' I. Cor. xiii., 7. R.V. At the mercy-seat God was revealed in grace. He promised 'There will I meet thee, and I will commune with thee.' Ex. xxv., 22. The two cherubim witnesses, with wings, suggestive of heaven, express the executive righteousness of the throne (Gen. iii., 24; Ezek. i., 5; Rev. iv., 8, R.V.), which requires and finds satisfaction in the work of atonement.' The staves of gold were ever to remain in the rings of gold. Divine love is ever a pilgrim with his pilgrim people.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 17.—Topic—The life of faith. Gen. xii., 1-5; Heb. xi., 1-6.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Mon., Aug. 11.—Read understandingly. Neh. viii., 8.

Tues., Aug. 12.—Read attentively. I. Tim., iv., 13.

Wed., Aug. 13.—Read with others. Acts viii., 30, 31.

Thu., Aug. 14.—Read the best Book. Rev. i., 3.

Fri., Aug. 15.—Put your books into life. Hab. ii., 2.

Sat., Aug. 16.—Paul's love for books. II. Tim., iv., 13.

Sun., Aug. 17.—Topic—The kind of reading that is worth while. Prov. viii., 1, 10-18.

Mrs. Baxter on Temperance.

If a man in his business seeks to become rich utterly regardless of how his methods may affect other men, he is sinning against the general good, and sooner or later judgment will overtake him. The whole of the liquor trade, which is so lucrative financially, comes under this category. How will those answer at the great day of account who have become rich and lived lives of ease and luxury by the manufacture or the sale of that which fills our lunatic asylums, jails, and workhouses with its miserable victims?

The Superintendent of a large lunatic asylum in Essex was heard to say recently that out of 2,000 inmates the insanity of 70 per-cent was caused by drunkenness! In the statistics of crime, probably the percentage of victims of the drink is not much below these terrible figures; and all who visit workhouses know how large a proportion of those who are supported by the rates become paupers through the drink. Probably two-thirds of the public money spent on jails, lunatic asylums, and workhouses might be saved if those who are getting rich on the manufacture and sale of liquor were learning, according to the apostle Paul, 'to maintain good works (or honest trades) for necessary uses'; not to entice other men to sin. And if the liquor trade thus impoverishes the country and forces those who do work to maintain those who do not, how much more terrible is its result in the unspeakable ruin of immortal souls! 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink' (Hab. ii., 15).

But no man is forced to become a drunkard; each man is responsible to God for his own soul. 'Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that tarry late into the night until wine inflame them!' This is not Woe to the great brewer, or to the distiller, or the successful publican; that is spoken in Hab. ii., 15. Here it is, Woe to the drunkard, who lets himself be taken in this snare of the devil. He, as well as those who have made it easy for him to sin, must each one 'give account of himself to God' (Rom. xiv., 12). The drunkard may reproach the liquor manufacturer or seller, but he cannot carry that reproach against his fellow-sinner to the judgment bar of God. He must give account for his own sin; his own misappropriation of his own life. And the manufacturer or seller may easily retort against the reproach of his victims, that if they did not patronize him so well he could not make sin so easy for them. But will he in this way meet the solemn charge of a holy God who has been warning him year after year, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink'?—'Christian Herald.'

Medical Testimony.

If alcohol is food, why not give it to our horses? If liquor fattens, why not give it to our beef cattle, our turkeys, and our pigs? —Dr. W. W. Hall.

Most cutaneous disorders—not directly traceable to intemperate habits—are greatly aggravated by them.—Dr. Carpenter

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Correspondence

Wyvern, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. I have four brothers and no sisters. My brothers' names are Ellsworth, Carson, Walter and Johnnie. I had a little sister, but she is dead. We have eight head of cattle. We have some sheep, some hens, two horses, two ducks, and one pig. I go to school every day. I like my teacher very much; her name is Miss Emma McDonald. I do not go to Sunday-school; it is about four miles from here. I belong to the Band of Hope. I am ten years old. I wonder if any other little boy's or girl's birthday is on the same day as mine—on June 9? My papa has a sawmill. I have two grandpas and grandmas living.

ABBIE S.

St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I have not written to the 'Messenger' before, so I thought I would write you now. I am eleven years of age and I am in the fourth book at school. I learn music, drawing, singing drill as well as grammar, arithmetic, history, geography. The name of our house is 'Burn Brae.' We have taken the 'Messenger' for five or six years, and we like it very much, especially the Correspondence page. I go to George Street Sunday-school, and to the Methodist College week-days. My teacher is Miss Badcock and I like her well. My birthday is on February 21. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is the same as mine?

D. S. A.

St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—We have not seen any letters from St. John's, though there have been several from the outports of Newfoundland. We attend George Street Sunday-school. The intermediate scholars get the 'Messenger' every Sunday. In connection with the Sunday-school there is a singing class, taught by Miss Adrian; we like her very much. When there is a public service Miss Adrian teaches the class all the hymns and they teach the Sunday-school. Miss Adrian works very hard, so that the class may do well. Mr. R. F. Horwood is superintendent of the Sunday-school. There are about four hundred scholars in the school. We hope to see more letters from St. John's soon.

B. & A. T.

Port Saxon, Shelburne Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I am eight years old to-day, I thought I would write my first letter to the 'Messenger,' and we all like it very much. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. My grandpapa is superintendent of the Sunday-school; he is a worker in the Sunday-school and has been for fifty-three years; he is seventy-five years of age. We had a visit from Mr. Muirhead, our new field secretary; we think he is a very nice man. He held the first convention here that was ever held. I have two sisters, and one half-sister. I saw that my eldest sister has written a letter to the 'Messenger.' Her name is Josie King. I go to school when I am able. I know all the books in the Bible and the ten commandments, and the Apostles' Creed. I live with my grandpa and grandma. I have an uncle that will be ninety-one in December.

MARY K.

Lauder.

Dear Editor,—I have seen only one letter from Lauder, and would like to have my name in the 'Northern Messenger' too. I have not been to school since the first week in January. I have had pemphigus, and it is not very pleasant to be sick. I would like to know more about that little girl who is an invalid. Her letter was in last week's paper. We have had a lot of rain this spring. I have a little black calf of my own.

VICTOR S.

Meadow Bank,
N. Georgetown, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old, and am in the fourth grade. I have one brother and sister. We go to the Presbyterian church and Sunday-school. We have been getting our church fixed and enlarged, and had a Christmas tree in the Hall, and the money went toward buying carpet and matting for the church. Both Sabbath-school and day-school scholars took part, and it was quite a success. I go to day-school every day. I like my teacher very well. After school hours she joins us in playing ball and other games. We had a few holidays at Easter, and my sisters and I went to Woodlands to a sugar-party in the sugar-bush. I take the 'Messenger,' and often read short stories from it at school on Friday afternoon. I enjoy reading the Correspondence. We live on the river-side, and have great fun skating on the ice, and coasting down the high bank in winter. For pets I have a dog called Carlo and a cat named Snowflake.

LOTTIE A. A.

Kingsmill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old, and am in the third reader. My teacher's name is Mr. Brown. My school is in the country, about one mile from my home. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday when it is possible. Our road was blockaded last winter, and we had to go through the fields. I have two sisters and one brother. We have one hundred and fourteen head of cattle and nineteen horses. We have one dog, which my little brother and I are training. His name is Fido. My mamma says I am old enough to work and not spend my life in play. My birthday is on June 24.

ALETA D.

WOLFVILLE, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My sister Caroline has taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and I like it very much, but I like the Correspondence page best. I have a bicycle and I enjoy riding very much. I go to school every day and I am in the sixth grade. My favorite studies are history, geography, drawing and French. My playmate's name is Enid Higgins. I used to live in St. John, but now my home is in Wolfville. It is a very pretty place in summer, there are some lovely drives about here. The apple blossoms are about done now. I have a big Angora cat, his name is Tinkle. When he was a kitten I tied a bell on his neck with a piece of ribbon, and that is how he got his name. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same as mine, on September 8. I am 12 years old.

HELEN MARY M.

New Boston, Ia.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very well, and as I did not see any letters from New Boston, I thought I would write one. New Boston is a very small village in Lee County, Iowa, consisting of two churches (Baptist and Methodist), a school-house, store and post-office, and several dwelling houses. I go to school every day, when there is school, but we are having vacation now. I like to read this paper because there are so many nice stories and interesting letters. Some of the books that I have read are:—'The Lamplighter,' 'Evangeline,' 'The Little Savage,' 'The Last Bidding,' 'With Wolfe in Canada,' and 'Black Beauty.' I liked 'The Lamplighter' the best. At school I study reading, arithmetic, grammar, geography, spelling, algebra, U. S. history, and writing. My favorite studies are U. S. history and geography. I like them best because one tells us what great men did, long ago, to set our country free and give freedom to the slaves, and the other tells me where you live, and you where I live. I wonder if any of the other little girls who read this paper have the same birthday as I. It is on May 11. I am fourteen years old.

ETHEL H.

Foster's Sett.,
Lunenburg Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is the first letter I have ever written to the 'Messenger.' I am a little girl twelve years old. I go to school and study fifth reader, geography, grammar, health-reader, bookkeeping, Canadian history, algebra, arithmetic, writing and drawing. I like to go to school. My papa is dead. He died March 27, 1901. We miss him very much. I have four brothers, Malcolm, Currie, Harry, Merlin, and three sisters:—Wavie, Sadie, Lillian, which makes four girls and four boys. Malcolm, the eldest, will be fifteen years old on June 30, and the youngest boy, Merlin, is 17 months old. I am the eldest girl, my birthday is on August 24. I will be thirteen. Lillian is the youngest girl, she will be five on June 19. Our grandparents are all dead. My papa had five sisters and my mamma had neither brother nor sister, so we have not many relatives. We have a farm, and keep a horse and two cows, and some young cattle. We have a large dog named Rover. We live half a mile from the Baptist church. We go every Sunday to Sabbath-school, and we only have a few steps to go to day-school. Our mamma would like for us to have a good education, but my eldest brother has to stay at home this summer to work, and we are so sorry our papa died, for he was so kind to us, but we are trying to be good children so we will meet him again.

JENNIE M. S

Alberton, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and am in the fourth reader, and in compound multiplication. I learn geography and grammar and draw maps. There are six in my class. Our teacher has been with us two years, and we like him very much. My home is in Port Hill, but I am up at my grandmamma's for a visit, it is my vacation now. My grandpapa was sick a long time, and died last winter. I am nine years old. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.'

MILDRED E. P.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

M. E. C. kindly wrote us a nice letter, but unfortunately it was written on both sides of the paper, which was also of very small size, and it was altogether too difficult to read to be printed. Our friends should remember to write only on one side of the paper when sending a letter for publication.

Letters not quite interesting or plainly written enough to be printed were received from Essie Scott, Helen Wilson, Maude L., Minnie R. D., Mamie T., Millie B., Archie B. S.

The poetry signed 'Anon' from Wentworth, S. Dakota, is not quite good enough to be printed.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Silk and Laces.

(By Ellen J. Cannady, in 'Observer.')

Silk scarves, sashes, ribbons, gloves, in fact any article that is too delicate to be washed with soap and water, can be cleansed with gasoline. Put the white or light colored articles in first and rub lightly until they are clean. Put more gasoline in another vessel and rinse well, then hang them out until the disagreeable odor has disappeared. Smooth each article out on the ironing board, cover with a damp cloth, and iron. The iron should not be very hot, as it will make the silk stiff like paper. If you will set the gasoline aside several hours, the dirt will settle to the bottom, and the gasoline can be poured off and used again.

Black lace that has become limp and faded will look much fresher if dipped in strong coffee, in which a few grains of gum arabic have been dissolved. Then press it smoothly upon a clean pane of glass or marble slab, pulling out each point, and being careful to keep it straight. Let it remain until dry; when it is removed it will not need ironing, and will have a fresh new look that lace which has been ironed always lacks. White lace that has been washed and starched, may be dried in the same way.

White silk lace may be cleaned by spreading out on white paper, and covering it to the depth of a quarter of an inch with calcined magnesia. Place another paper over it, with a weight on the top to keep it in place, and allow it to remain three days. Then shake off the powder, and you will find the lace clean and white.

White cotton laces should never be subjected to rough treatment; they can be laundered by the following method, and retain their beauty as long as they last. Always darn any break before the lace is washed. Use warm soft water, and dissolve enough ivory soap in it to make a good suds. Wash each piece in it until it is clean, rinse through two waters, dip in thin starch, and put them on a marble slab to dry in the manner described for black lace.

A good starch is made by dissolving a tablespoonful of lump starch in a little cold water; stir until smooth, then pour three pints of boiling water over it, and cook until clear, stirring to keep it free from lumps. Of course a smaller quantity may be prepared, using starch and water in the same proportion.

Observations.

Do not darn fine woollen undergarments with wool. It will shrink and pull a hole larger than the original. I use for darning winter underwear, the loosely twisted knitting silk. I darn loosely, and when washed the new texture has almost the same thickness as the knitted goods itself.

A salad, very effective and 'good tasting,' within reach of all, is made by dressing cold boiled rice with mayonnaise, and putting an amount enough for each person on one of the inside crumply white leaves of a cabbage. Over the rice sprinkle some finely chopped peppers.

Put away that feather duster! What's the use of sweeping if you are going to throw the dust back on the floor? Get a yard of cheesecloth—common quilt lining will answer—hem it, and then you have a duster that is of some use. With it you can wipe up the dirt and shake it out of doors. But don't depend on one duster; make two or three so that they can be put in the wash and you can have a clean one occasionally.

Hanging in my pantry I have a slate with a long string and pencil on it. On one side, in white oil paint, which can be washed over, I have a list of all sorts of groceries, from mace to flour; on the other, commodities you find in the meat and vegetable markets. Every morning before a man comes to take orders I go through the pantry stock and plan the meals of the day, then I mark opposite an article how much is required of it. There is no forgetting of things that ought to be ordered, when this is attended to each morning and it is constantly in its place, which cannot always be said of a housewife's memorandum.—American paper.

In the Woman's World.

There are moments in all our lives so intoxicatingly sweet, so deliciously glad, that the memory of them alone is of more value to us than the present reality of all else. They were moments, perchance, of lightning swiftness, yet they flashed into our souls with so divine a foretaste of perfect joy that they seem, as we look back upon them through a mist of after tears, to have been but cheaply bought, even at the cost of a whole lifetime of woe. Blessed are they who can be raised upon the highest pinnacle of human bliss; for it is not to all to whom this heaven-sent capability of the perfect realization of great joy is given. Nor is the gift, dear as it is to those who possess it, one that all would desire; for to those who can so rejoice it is also given to suffer with a keenness and an agony which to a calmer, colder nature is absolutely unknown.

Selected Recipes.

Tomato Jelly.—To make tomato jelly for salads, take a can of tomatoes, skinned and stewed. Take also one-fourth of a box of gelatine. Pass the tomatoes through a sieve or strainer to remove the seeds, etc. Season with pepper and salt, and then add the gelatine, which has previously been melted in hot water. It is now ready to be poured into a mould and then should be placed on the ice to set. When cold garnish with crisp lettuce leaves, and pour over the whole a mayonnaise dressing. Or the jelly may be broken up and used as a garnish itself, with the lettuce and dressing in the centre of the dish.

Apple Foam—Stew two quarts pared and quartered apples, strain through a colander, beat till light, add one-half cupful sugar, juice of one lemon. Beat the whites of three eggs till stiff, add to the above and serve with custard made with the yolks of the eggs. For the custard, take one and one-half pints of milk, yolks of three eggs, shake of salt, six tablespoonfuls sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla, one tablespoonful cornstarch. Cook until it thickens enough to pour. This custard is to be poured around the apple after the apple is on the individual dishes.

Roast Spare Rib.—A dry stuffing seasoned with onions, celery or summer savory gives a finer flavor to roast spare rib and is easily made. Trim the crusts from stale bread and rub fine. Slice half a small onion and fry in a generous amount of butter, remove the onion, add bread and seasoning, stir quickly and well, and remove from the fire. Separate the roast at the centre crosswise, fill the hollow of one piece with the prepared stuffing, cover with the other half, placing the tips of the ribs over the back of the other piece; wind with cord and roast. Remove the tie string before serving.

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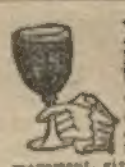

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